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Reviews

in the volume are worth innumerable children of Amazons and still-born apostrophes of heroes. We quote *At the Aquarium*:

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion!
They have no pathway where they go,
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes.
They watch with staring, cold surprise,
The level people in the air,
The people peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.

A. C. H.

Poems and Songs (second series), by Richard Middleton.
Fisher Unwin.

These are the poems of a distinguished amateur who is nearly always a poet. And as amateurishness is the note of the time in contemporary England, it may be well contended that he expresses his decade. And surely few will reproach him that he cared little for the steely perfections of art, seeing that there is in his work so much that is sympathetic, so much that is human, and so much pathos that is in no way egotistic.

He wrote many poems that will not serve as models, but scarcely one without some touch of beauty that was distinctly his own, and interpreted by his own emotions.

His poetry is primarily poetry of the emotions, and intended for readers rather than for the cold senate of

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craftsmen. And so one finds this *Carol of the Poor Children*:

We are the poor children, come out to see the sights
On this day of all days, on this night of nights.

Our bellies are so empty we have no singing voice,
But on this night of all nights good children must rejoice.

We do rejoice, we do rejoice as hard as we can try.
A fine star, a new star is shining in the sky.

Lovers of Riley will go mad over him. He is artistically about as good as Symons and he proves that English poetry did not stop with the nineties. His first volume appeared posthumously in May, 1912. There can be no hesitation in granting him a permanent place among the personalities of English verse, among the post-Victorians.

E. P.

NOTES

The awarding of prizes is a responsibility which the editors of *Poetry* would willingly have delegated to some higher authority. But at present there is no great poet sitting in judgment, to whom lesser poets may appeal—none, that is, in America. Mr. Yeats, over in Ireland, stands high enough above the crowd to assume that position with dignity, but even if he were willing to pronounce the verdict, it would seem unfair that poets of the United States should have no voice in the awarding of a prize, or prizes, offered by our guarantors. And any